

The Tragedie

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Ri.* bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes,
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Gho. to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smothered in the
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard, (Tower,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filsthy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride:

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

of Richard

O coward conscience, how dost thou
The lights burne blew, it is not d
Cold fearefull drops stands on my
What do I feare my selfe? theres
Richard loues Richard, that is, I
Is there a murtherer here? no. Ye
Then flie, what from my selfe? gr
Left I reuenge. What my selfe v
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore?
That I my selfe haue done vnto m
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Fool of thy selfe speake well, fool
My conscience hath a thousand set
And euery tongue brings in a seue
And euery tale condemnes me for
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dy
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each
Throng all to the barre, crying all,
I shall dispaire, there is no creature
And if I die, no soule shall pittie m
And wherfore should they? since
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my se
Methought the soules of all that I
Came all to my tent, and euery one
To morrowes vengeance on the h

Enter Ratchliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. Ratchliffe, my Lord, tis I: th
Hath twise done saluation to the n
Your friends are vp, and buckle on

King. O Ratchliffe, I haue dream
What thinkst thou, will our friends

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratchliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not

King. By the Apostle Paul, I had